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Stirring situations, quaint and
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gles of a high-spirited people
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harsh circumstances of the con-
quered, give Mr. Harris's new
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can literature. It is true his-
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historical character in it.

COMMENT

"A fine story... Mr. Harris's
Georgia Cranford is a refresh-
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historical romances."

New York Sun.

"Just such a story as Mr.
Harris might be expected to
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McClure, Phillips & Co., 141 East 25th St., New York



On the Top Wave of Popularity

"The Mississippi Bubble," by EMERSON HOUGH, is one of the truly
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MISS GILDER, editor of The Critic, says: "It is one of the best novels
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The BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY, Publishers.

"LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON," IN BOOK FORM—NEW STORIES AND OTHER PERIODICALS—NOTES ABOUT THE WRITERS.

If wise old Ben Franklin would come to life and pick his logical successor, he would probably point out George Horace Lorimer, the author of "Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son."

We all know that "Poor Richard's Almanac" is the classic of American good sense, yet these letters of John Graham, the name of the self-made merchant, contain the meat of all sermons on common sense and energy. The sayings of David Harum are to the point, but his philosophy is only fragmentary. No father can do his son a better service than to make him read these new letters and then recite them. Their publication in The Republic has introduced them to the public. Their collection in neat book form puts them where they can be left on the table and picked up every day in the year.

Mr. Lorimer, author of the new volume, is not only the editor of the Saturday Evening Post, but a graduate of one of the great Chicago commercial houses—so he knows literature and the business of money-making with equal sureness. The "letters" tell a story that will doubtless be dramatized. When this happens look out for another great success for Mr. Billy Crane.

There are hundreds of "sayings" in the new volume, and from these hundreds extracts are made as follows:

You'll find that education's about the only thing around loose in this world, and that it's about the only thing a fellow can have as much of as he's willing to haul away. Everything else is screwed down tight and the screwdriver lost.

When a boy's had a good mother he's got a good conscience, and when he's got a good conscience he don't need to have right and wrong labeled for him.

There are two parts of a college education—the part that you get in the schoolroom from the professors and the part that you get outside of it from the boys.

A fool will turn out a fool, whether he goes to college or not, though he'll probably turn out a different sort of fool.

When I told you that I wished you to get a liberal education, I didn't mean that I wanted to buy Cambridge.

The sooner you adjust your spending to what your earning capacity will be, the easier they will find it to live together.

I can't hand out any ready-made success to you. It would do you no good, and it would do the house harm.

There is plenty of room at the top here, but there is no elevator in the building.

I can give you a start, but after that you will have to dynamite your way to the front by yourself.

You will never make a good merchant of

yourself by reversing the order in which the Lord decreed that we should learn the spending before the earning end of business.

That same ambition to be known as a good fellow has crowded my office with second-rate clerks, and they always will be second-rate clerks.

I got it a week and slept under the counter, and you can bet I know just how many pennies there were in each of those dollars and how hard the floor was. That is what you have got to learn.

Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself, and the college yell at the end of them is just a frill that doesn't change essentials.

No I can't say that I think anything of your post-graduate course idea. You're not going to be a poet or a professor, but a packer, and the place to take a post-graduate course for that calling is in the packing-house.

I hear a good deal about men who won't take vacations, and who kill themselves by overwork, but it's usually worry or whisky. It's not what a man does during working hours, but after them, that breaks down his health.

A fellow and his business should be boom friends in the office and sworn enemies out of it.

A clear mind is one that is swept clean of business at 6 o'clock every night and isn't opened up for it again until after the shutters are taken down next morning.

You will always find it a safe rule to take a thing just as quick as it is offered—especially a job.

When I was a young fellow and out of a place, I always made it a rule to take the first job that offered, and to use it for bait.

Of course, there's no danger of your not being able to get a job with the house—in fact, there is no real way in which you can escape getting one; but I don't like to see you shy off every time the old man gets close to you with the halloo.

Procrastination is the longest word in the language, but there's only one letter better than its ends when they occupy their proper places in the alphabet.

There is one excuse for every mistake a man can make, but only one.

When a fellow makes the same mistake twice he's got to throw up both hands and own up to carelessness or stupidity.

Of course, I know that you would make a fool of yourself pretty often when I sent you to college, and I haven't been disappointed. But I expected you to narrow down the number of combinations possible



GEORGE H. LORIMER.

Editor of the Saturday Evening Post and author of "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son."

by making a different sort of a fool of yourself every time.

Seeing the world is like charity—it covers a multitude of sins, and, like charity, it ought to begin at home.

Culture is not a matter of a change of climate. You'll hear much about Browning to the square foot in the Mississippi Valley than you will in England.

Beginning before you know what you want to say and keeping on after you have said it lands a merchant in a lawsuit or the poorhouse, and the first is a short cut to the second.

Give fools the first and women the last word. The meat's always in the middle of the sandwich.

Remember that it's easier to look wise than to talk wisdom.

Say less than the other fellow and listen more than you talk; for when a man's listening he isn't telling on himself and he's flattering the fellow who is.

Give most men a good listener and most women enough newspaper and they'll tell all they know.

Money talks—but not unless its owner has a loose tongue, and then its remarks are always offensive.

There's nothing comes without calling in this world, and after you've called you've generally got to go and fetch it yourself.

I haven't any special objection to your writing to girls and telling them that they are the real sugar-cured articles, for, after all, if you overdo it, it's your breath—promises suit; but you must write before 5 or after 6.

A man can't have his head pumped out like a vacuum pan, or stuffed full of odds and ends like a Bologna sausage, and do his work right.

Business is like oil; it won't mix with anything but business.

Take a sure way to a farmer a long time to learn that the best way to sell his corn is on the hoof.

There isn't any such thing as being your own boss in this world unless you're a tramp, and then there's the Consolation.

Remember that when you're in the right you can afford to keep your temper and that when you're in the wrong you can't afford to lose it.

When you have been in business as long as I have you will be inclined to put a pretty high value on loyalty.

You can trust any number of men with your money, but mighty few with your reputation.

Half the men who are with the house on pay day are against it the other six.

A good many young fellows come to me looking for jobs, and start in by telling me what a mean house they have been working for.

You buy a likely setter pup and raise a spotted coach dog from it, and the promising son of an honest butcher is just as likely as not to turn out a poet or a professor.

The only way to show a fellow that he's chosen the wrong business is to let him try it.

I want to say right here that the easiest way in the world to make enemies is to hire friends.

When a pup has been born to point partridges there's no use trying to run a fox with him.

The fun of the thing's in the run and not in the finish.

The last time I saw her, she inventoried about \$1,000 as she stood—allowing that her diamonds would scratch glass—and that's more capital than any woman has a right to tie up on her back. I don't care how rich her father is.

She's one of those women with a heart like a stock-ticker—it doesn't beat over anything except money.

Marriages may be made in heaven, but most engagements are made in the back parlor with the gas so low that a fellow doesn't really get a square look at what he's taking.

To marry for money or to marry without money is a crime.

While you are at it, there's nothing like picking out a good-looking wife, because even the handsomest woman looks homely sometimes, and so you get a little variety; but a homely one can only look worse than usual.

Beauty is only skin deep, but that's deep enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

I want you to understand that the girl who marries you for good money is getting a package of green goods in more ways than one.

I think, though, if you really understood what marrying on twelve a week meant, you would have bought a bedroom set instead of roses with that fifty-two you owe.

Business is a good deal like a nigger's wool—it doesn't look very deep, but there's a heap of kinks and curves in it.

When a fellow brags that he has a pull, he's a liar or his employer's a fool.

And when a fellow whines that he's being held down, the truth is as a general thing, that his boss can't hold him up.

A good man is as full of bones as a cat with a small boy and a bull terrier after him.

Of course, clothes don't make the man, but they make all of him except his hands and face during business hours, and that's a pretty considerable area of the human animal.

A dirty shirt may hide a pure heart, but it doesn't cover a clean skin.

Appearances are deceitful, I know, but so long as they are, there's nothing like having them deceive for us instead of against us.

I've seen a 10-cent shave and a 6-cent shave get a thousand-dollar job, and a cigarette and a pint of champagne knock the

bottom out of a million-dollar pork corner. People have seen four and four make eight, and the young man and the small bottle make a damned fool so often that they are hard to convince that the combination can work out any other way.

There are two unpayable sins in this world—success and failure.

Where one fellow reads a stranger's character in his face, a hundred read it in his set-up.

The wheat pit is only thirty feet across, but it reaches clear down to hell.

When a speculator wins he doesn't stop till he loses, and when he loses he can't stop till he wins.

History, Essay and Philosophy.

Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican leader in the United States Senate, friend of the President and representative of Massachusetts culture, has collected a few of his essays and addresses in a volume which will interest the general as well as the thorough reader. The articles cover a wide range and include the following subjects: "A Fighting Frigate," "John Marshall," "Oliver Ellsworth," "Daniel Webster, His Oratory and Influence," "The Treaty-Making Power of the Senate," "Some Impressions of Russia," "Hitchcock," and three Governors of Massachusetts: Frederick V. Greenhalge, George D. Robinson and Roger W. Wood.

The essays are clearly written, comprehensive and interesting. Published by the Scribners.

W. E. Hanley's position as an art critic is so firmly fixed that comment on "Views and Reviews," just published by the Scribners, must fall far short of the mark set by a just appreciation. The collection is partly new and partly composed of criticisms which have appeared in other forms. The divisions of the essays cover "Problems Romaniques," "Five Dutchmen," "Some Landscapes," "Four Portraits," "Artists and Amateurs" and "Two Moderns."

An etymological treatise, dealing with the derivations and mutations of words, their delicate shades of approximate but varying significance, their right and wrong employment, etc., is hardly the sort of volume in which one would naturally expect to find genial humor, poetic fancy and epigrammatic

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BEST SELLING BOOK IN NEW YORK

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MISS RIVES' TRIUMPH HEARTS COURAGEOUS

A STORY OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The Atlantic Constitution says:

A moving picture of Virginia in its later Colonial days, with all its lights and shadows. The characters are great ones—Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, Lafayette and the rest. Miss Rives knows her South. "Hearts Courageous" must create notice rarely given to a historical novel.

The Chicago Tribune says:

There is not a dull moment in the book. These who like a whirlwind of passion and a swiftly moving plot will be well pleased.

The magnificent success of Miss Rives' novel, "Hearts Courageous," must be ascribed to much more than the beautiful binding and illustrations. The demand undoubtedly is due to the fact that every reader recommends it as

the great American love story.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

fully selected with reference alike to their intrinsic interest and historic value. The book with its copious notes will serve as a guide to the treasures which may be found in the works of the famous American historian. (Published by Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Private Soldier Under Washington," by Charles Knowles Bolton, reveals the quality, equipment and status of the American Revolutionary Army. Mr. Bolton has drawn his material from many sources. The private's story is told by a line here and there through the mass of contemporary literature. Mr. Bolton has sifted the mass of material and presented the story in attractive form. References accompany the pages. (Scribners.)

The Reverend Cortland Myers of the Baptist Temple in Brooklyn, presents a very attractive little volume of nine helpful short stories. With story, epigram and illustration, the stripes of it of the tale glitter, and gives valuable advice, in passing, to stage aspirants, while interesting matter and brilliant style. Her manner is peculiarly frank and intimate, and these reminiscences are well-named. Confidences, "Queen of the Home," "Commercial Matrimony," "Broken Promises," will convey some idea of the contents. (Published by Funk & Wagnalls.)

Clara Morris dedicates her "Stage Confidences" to Mary Anderson. "The Fair, the Chaste, the Unexpressive She." She writes to "Miss Hope Leggett," whom she calls a lovely composite girl, made up of all those who have ambitions to adopt the histrionic career.

Miss Morris knows the stage as only one who has lived on it. In this fascinating book she talks with humor, point and charm of the mysterious, alluring, exacting life behind the footlights. With story, epigram and illustration, she stripes it of the tale glitter, and gives valuable advice, in passing, to stage aspirants, while interesting matter and brilliant style. Her manner is peculiarly frank and intimate, and these reminiscences are well-named. Confidences, "Queen of the Home," "Commercial Matrimony," "Broken Promises," will convey some idea of the contents. (Published by Funk & Wagnalls.)

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